

# CANADA'S SONG BOOK

FOR

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THE MIDDLE SCHOOL  
AND SINGING CLUBS

---

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# CANADA'S SONG BOOK

FOR

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL  
AND  
SINGING CLUBS

*ARRANGED FOR TWO-PART SINGING*

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TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
OF CANADA LTD., AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE

1925

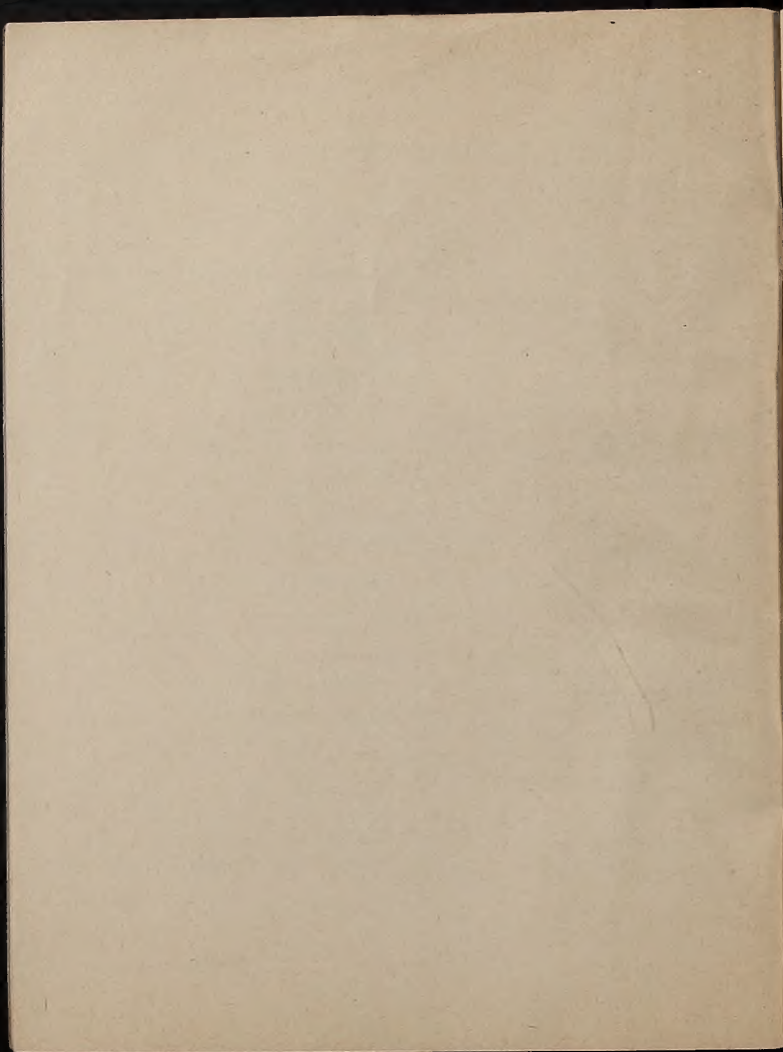
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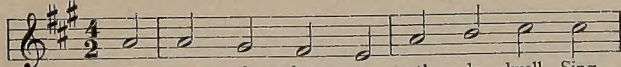
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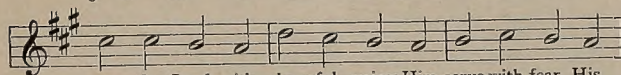
# THE OLD HUNDREDTH

"Old Hundredth."

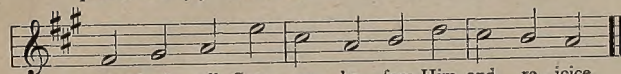
KETHE.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed ; With -
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise; Ap -



to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with fear, His  
out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He  
proach with joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His

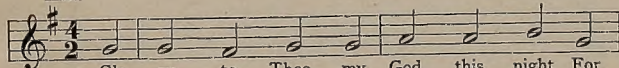


praise forth - tell, Come ye be - fore Him, and re - joice.  
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
Name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

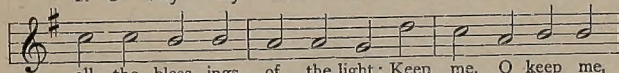
## GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

KEN.

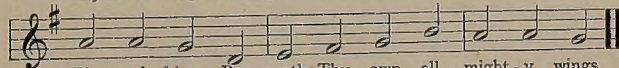
THOS. TALLIS.



1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For
2. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And



all the bless - ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,  
may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close; Sleep that shall me more



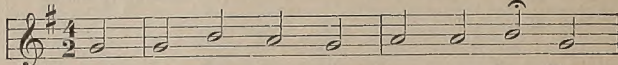
King of kings, Be - neath Thy own all - might - y wings.  
vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

# A HYMN OF PRAISE

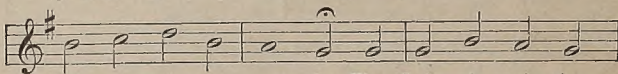
Trans. from German.

Known as "Luther's Hymn,"

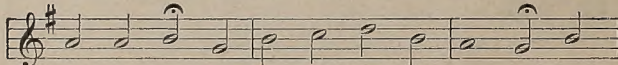
First printed in 1535.



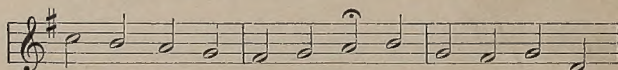
1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The
2. The Lord is nev - er far a - way, But,
3. Thus all my toil - some way a - long I



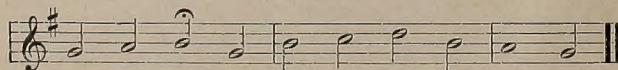
God of all cre - a - tion; The God of pow'r, the  
through all grief dis - tress - ing, An ev - er - pres - ent  
sing a - loud Thy prais - es, That men may hear the



God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; With  
help and stay, Our peace and joy and bless - ing; As  
grate - ful song My voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be



heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - 'ry faith - less  
with a moth - er's ten - der hand, He leads His own, His  
joy - ful in the Lord, my heart; Both soul and bo - dy



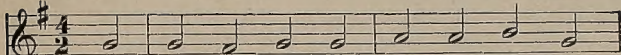
mur - mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry.  
cho - sen band; To God all praise and glo - ry.  
bear your part; To God all praise and glo - ry.



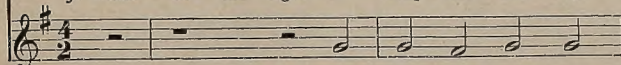
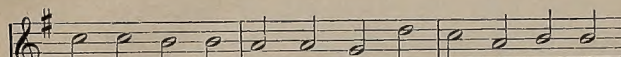
A Canon  
BISHOP KEN'S EVENING HYMN

KEN

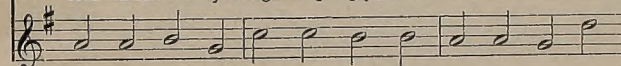
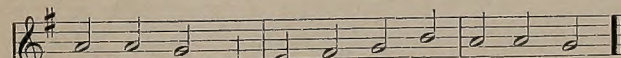
THOS. TALLIS



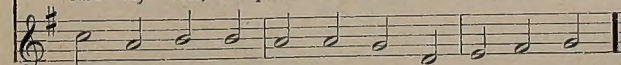
1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For  
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The  
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The  
4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And  
5. When in the night I sleep - less lie, My

all the bless - ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,  
ill that I this day have done, That with the world, my -  
grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that  
may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close, Sleep that shall me more  
soul with heav'n - ly thoughts sup - ply; Let no ill dreams dis -

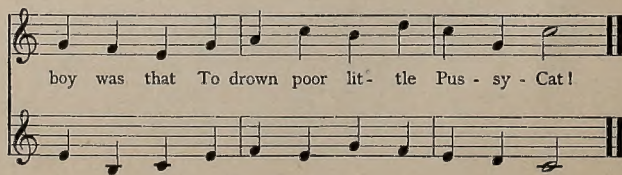
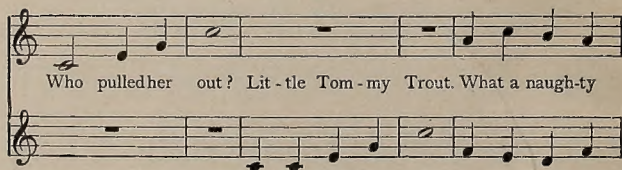
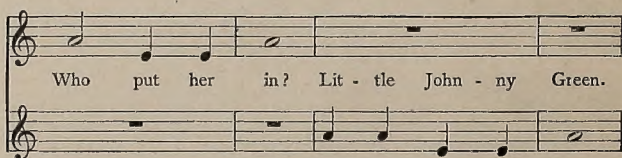
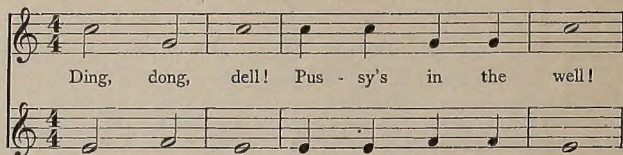



King of kings, Be - neath Thine own Al - might - y wings.  
self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
so I may Rise glo - rious at the aw - ful day.  
vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.  
turb my rest, No powers of dark - ness me mo - lest.



Note how the second part is exactly the same as the first.

DING, DONG, DELL! PUSSY'S IN THE WELL!



LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD, FLY AWAY HOME!

La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home!

The first system of the song is written on two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home! Your

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

house is on fire, your chil-dren all gone, All ex-cept one whose

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

name was Ann, And she hid un-der the fry - ing pan.

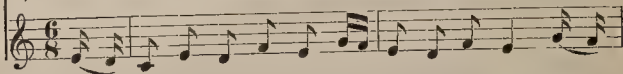
The fourth system concludes the song with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the melody.

# BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THOS. MOORE



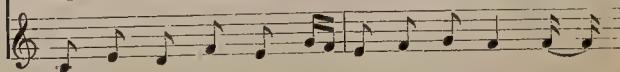
1. There's a bower of ro-ses by Ben-de-meer's stream And the
2. That bower and its ro-ses I nev-er for-get, But
3. No, the ro-ses soon with-ered that hung o'er the wave, But some
4. Thus mem-o-ry draws from de-light, e'er it dies, An



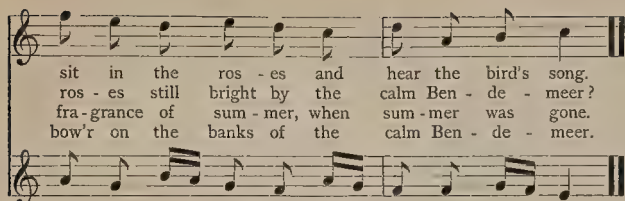
night-in-gale sings round it all the day long; In the  
 oft when a-lone in the bloom of the year, I . .  
 blos-soms were gath-ered, while fresh-ly they shone, And a  
 es-sence that breathes of it man-y a year; Thus



time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet dream, To .  
 think-is the night-in-gale sing-ing there yet? Are the  
 dew was dis-tilled from their flow-ers that gave All the  
 bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes, Is that



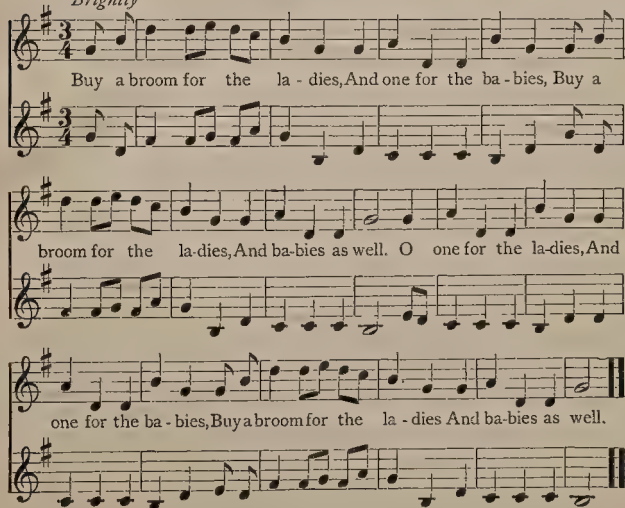




### BUY A BROOM

*Brightly*

Children's Song



# ARE YOU SLEEPING, BROTHER JAMES?

## Two-Part Round

French

*p* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *D.S.*

Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, broth-er James, broth-er

Are you sleep-ing, are you

James? Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are

sleep - ing, broth - er James, broth - er

FINE.

ring - ing, Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding.

James? Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, Morn-ing bells are ring-ing,

*p* *cres.* *D.S.*

Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing, broth - er

Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding. Are you

# SONG OF THE FAIRIES

JOHN LVLVY

*mf*

By the moon we sport and play, With the night be-gins our day ;

As we dance the dew doth fall ; Trip it, lit - tle ur - chins, all.

*p* *cres.*

Light - ly as the lit - tle bee, Two by two, and three by three,

*f*

And a - bout go we, And a - bout go we.

# THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Song of 16th Century

1. Some talk of Al-ex - an - der, And some of Her-cu - les, Of  
 2. When e'er we are com-mand-ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our

Hec-tor, and Ly-san - der, And such great names as these; But of  
 lead-ers march with fu-sees, And we with hand gren - ades; We

all the world's brave he - roes, There's none that can com - pare With a  
 throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the ene-mies' ears Sing-ing

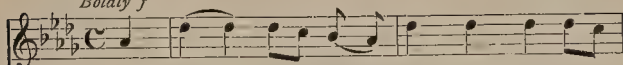
tow row row row row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.



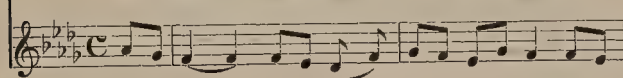
# A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

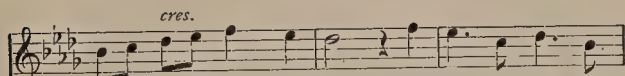
*Boldly f*



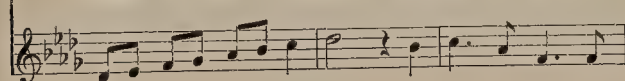

1. A wet sheet and a flow - ing sea, A  
2. Oh, for a safe and gen - tle wind! I




*cres.*

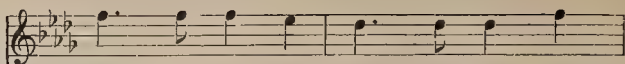


wind that fol - lows fast, And fills the white and  
heard a fair one cry; But give to me th

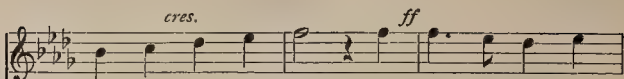
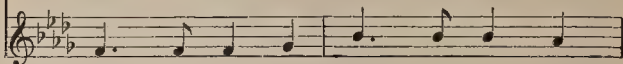



rust - ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast. And  
swell - ing breeze, And white waves heav - ing high. The

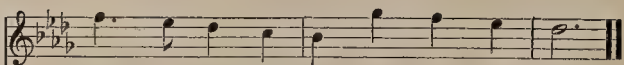
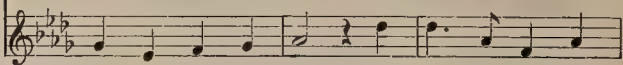




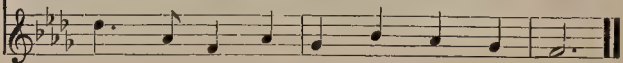
bends the gal - lant mast, my boys, While  
white waves heav - ing high, my lads, The



like the ea - gle free, A - way the good ship  
good ship tight and free, The world of wa - ters



flies, and leaves Old Eng - land on the lee.  
is our home, And mer - ry men are we.



# THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

J. BRAHMS

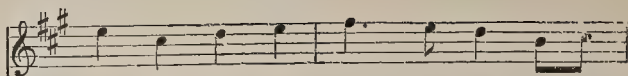
*p*



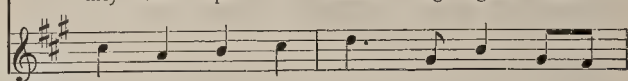
1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - -  
 2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When .  
 3. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the  
 4. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is . .

neath the moon's bright ray; They nod their heads to -  
 noon - day sun rose high, With - in their nests are  
 win - dow shows his head, And looks for all good  
 man - y steps a - way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my


geth - er And dream the night a - way; The  
 sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh; The  
 chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed; And  
 dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day; But





bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And  
 crick - et as it moves a - long A .  
 as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws  
 they shall ope at morn - ing's light And



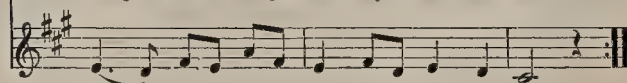
*dim.*



mur - mur soft and low, Sleep on,  
 lone gives forth its song, Sleep on,  
 dust in - to its eyes. Sleep on,  
 greet the sun - shine bright. Sleep on,

Sleep on, sleep or, my lit tle one.

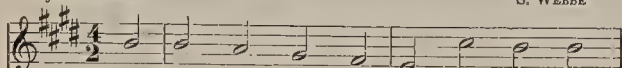




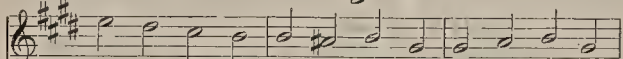
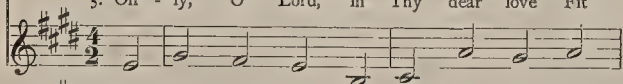
# NEW EVERY MORNING IS THE LOVE

JOHN KEEBLE

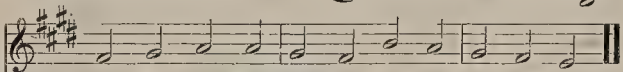
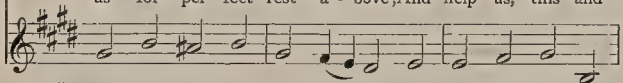
S. WEBBE



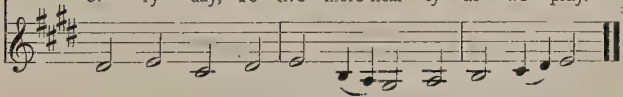
1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love Our
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov -
3. If on our dai - ly course our mind Be
4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will
5. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit



wak - 'ning and up - ris - ing prove; Thro' sleep and dark - ness  
er a - round us while we pray; New per - ils past, new  
set to hal - low all we find, New treas - ures still of  
fur - nish all we need to ask, Room to de - ny our -  
us for per - fect rest a - bove; And help us, this and



safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life, and pow'r, and thought.  
sins for - giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.  
count - less price God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.  
selves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.  
ev - 'ry day, To live more near - ly as we pray.



# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

JAS. MONTGOMERY

KOSCHAT

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my  
 pas-tures; safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the  
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the path which my  
 still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-  
 fore-fa-ters trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of  
 pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.  
 love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

NOTE. The Alto part has the melody, the Soprano being an accompaniment; the Alto may be emphasized accordingly, and a good effect is produced if the Sopranos only hum their part.

## HUNTING CHORUS

From the opera of "DER FREISCHÜTZ"  
By C. VON WEBER

*Vivace f*

A-way to the woods Where the horn and chase are  
call - ing; A-way to the woods In the morning sweet and  
clear! A-way, yes, a-way, For the hunt is all en -  
thrall - ing, From morn un - til night We will fol - low far the

*mf*

deer. With hounds and with hors - es All ea - ger for

*cres.*

start - ing We gath - er our for - ces To chase far the

*f*

deer ; Then rise from your couch - es And break from your

slum - bers, Come, no bles and la - dies, The hunt's up and a -



*p; second time f*

way! Yo ho! Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

# SHERIFF MUIR

*Vivace*

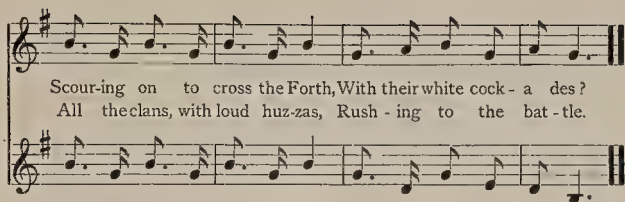
Scotch Song

1. Will ye go to Sher - iff Muir, Gal - lant John of  
 2. There you'll see the ban - ners flare, There you'll hear the

In - nis - ture; There to see the no - ble Mar,  
 bag - pipes roar, And the trum - pets dead - ly blare,

And his High - land lad - dies; All the true men  
 With the can - non's rat - tle. There you'll see the

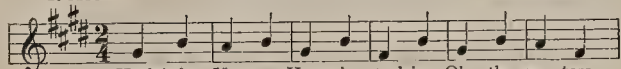
of the north, An - gus, Hunt - ly, and Sea - forth,  
 bold Mac - Craws, Cam - 'ron and Clan - ron - ald raws;



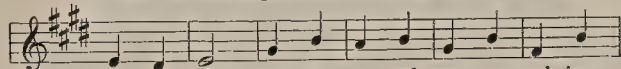
# THE VESPER HYMN

T. MOORE

BORTNIANSKI



1. Hark! the Ves-per Hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters,
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing To the shore, it

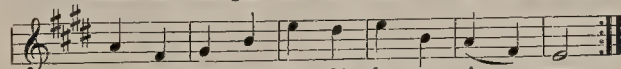


soft and clear; Near - er yet, and near - er peal-ing,  
dies a - long; Now, like an - gry sur-ges meet-ing,

*Repeat softly*



Soft it breaks up - on the ear; Ju - bi - la - te,  
Breaks the min-gled tide of song; Ju - bi - la - te,



Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

NOTE. Ju-bi-lä-te is a Latin word meaning "Be joyful"; it is the beginning of the Hundredth Psalm.

# THE BAY OF BISCAY

ANDREW CHERRY  
*Moderato*

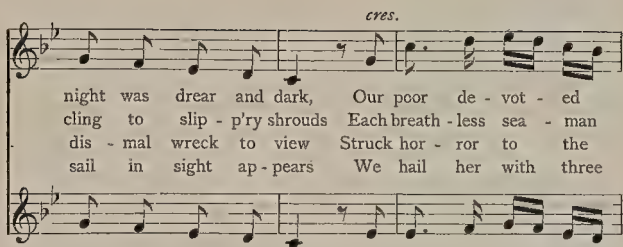
J. DAVY

1. Loud roar'd the dread - ful thun - der, The  
2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Our  
3. At length the wish'd for mor - row Broke  
4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her

rain a del - uge show'rs, The clouds were rent a -  
op - 'ning tim - bers creak, Each fears a wat - 'ry  
thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab - sorb'd in si - lent  
pitch - y seams are rent, When Heav'n all boun - teous

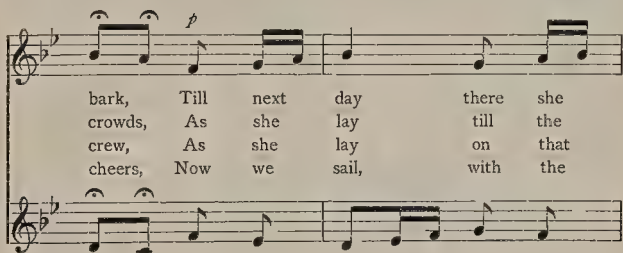
sun - der By light - 'ning's viv - id pow'rs; The  
pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak; To  
sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh; The  
ev - er, Its bound - less mer - cy sent; A

*cres.*



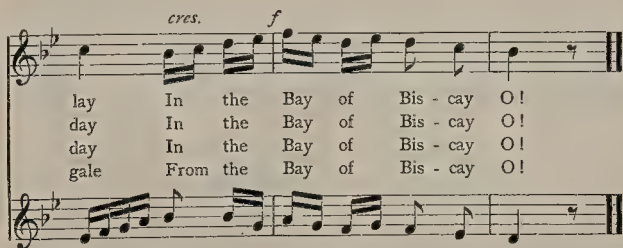
night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed  
 cling to slip - p'ry shrouds Each breath - less sea - man  
 dis - mal wreck to view Struck hor - ror to the  
 sail in sight ap - pears We hail her with three

*p*



bark, Till next day there she  
 crowds, As she lay till the  
 crew, As she lay on that  
 cheers, Now we sail, with the

*cres. f*



lay In the Bay of Bis - cay O!  
 day In the Bay of Bis - cay O!  
 day In the Bay of Bis - cay O!  
 gale From the Bay of Bis - cay O!



# TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY

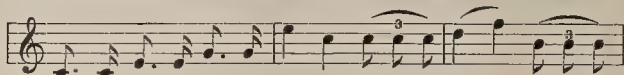
THOS. MOORE

Arranged by THOS. MOORE

*Allegro vivace*



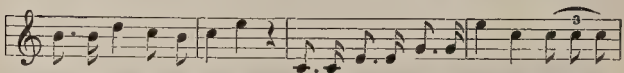
1. Mer-ri-ly ev-'ry bos-om boundeth, mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!
- 2.\* Wea-ri-ly ev-'ry bos-om pin-eth, wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly oh!
3. Cheer-i-ly then from hill and val-ley, cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly oh!



Where the song of Free-dom soundeth, mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly  
Where the bond of slav-'ry twin-eth, wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly  
Like your na-tive foun-tains sal-ly, cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly



oh! There the war-ri-or's arms Shed more splen-dour, There the  
oh! There the war-ri-or's dart Hath no fleet-ness, There the  
oh! If a glo-ri-ous death Won by brav-'ry Sweet-er



maiden's charms Shine more tender, Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth, mer-ri-ly,  
maiden's heart Hath no sweetness, Ev'ry flow'r of life de-clin-eth, wea-ri-ly,  
be than breath Sigh'd in slav'ry, Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheer-i-ly,



oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,  
oh! wea-ri-ly oh! Wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly,  
oh! cheer-i-ly oh! Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly,

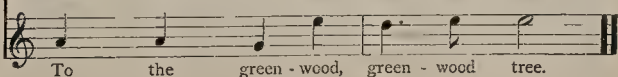
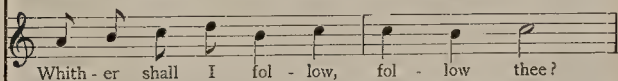
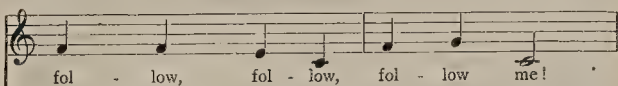
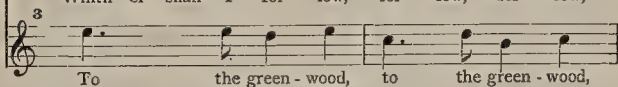
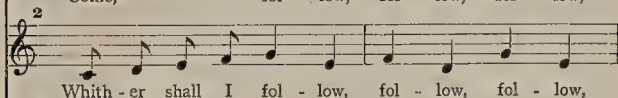
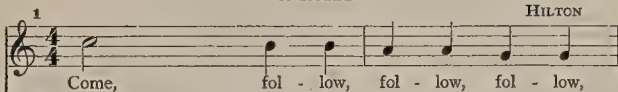


mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, oh! mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!  
wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, wea-ri-ly, oh! wea-ri-ly oh! wea-ri-ly oh!  
cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, oh! cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly oh!

### COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW

*A Round*

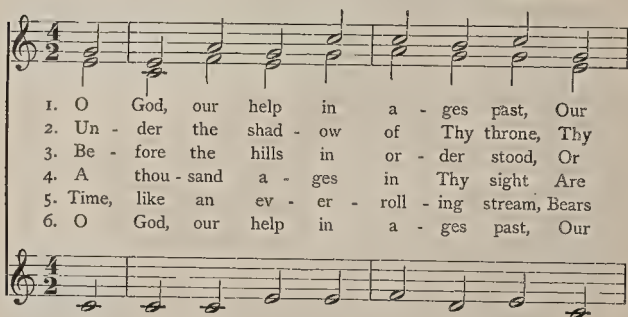
HILTON



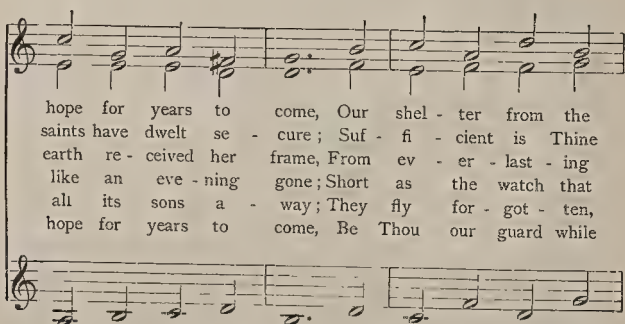
# O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

ISAAC WATTS

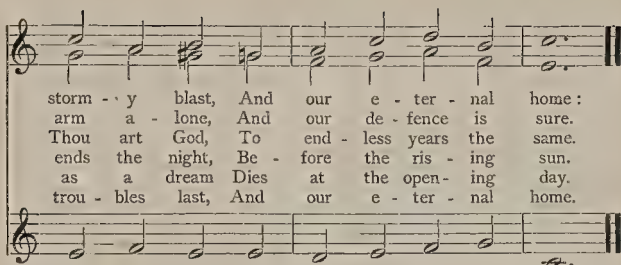
WM. CROFT



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our  
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Thy  
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or  
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are  
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears  
 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our



hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the  
 saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine  
 earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing  
 like an eve - ning gone; Short as the watch that  
 all its sons a - way; They fly for - got - ten,  
 hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while



storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home :  
 arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.  
 Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
 as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.  
 trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

# STARS TREMBLING O'ER US

D. M. MULOCH

MULOCH?

*Andante*



1. Stars trem - bling o'er us, And  
 2. As the waves cov - er The  
 3. Heav'n shines a - bove us,  
 sun - set be - fore us, Moun - tain in  
 depths we glide o - ver, So let the  
 Bless all that love us, All that we

shad - ow and for - est a - sleep.  
 past in for - get - ful - ness sleep.  
 love in thy ten - der - ness keep.

Down the dim riv - er We float on for - ev - er,

*p*  
 Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep;

*dim.* *pp* *rall.*  
 Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.



# O CANADA!

(CHANT NATIONAL)

HON. R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L.

C. LAVALLÉE

*Maestoso f*

*cres.*

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and na - tive land, True pa - triot  
 2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow, Great prair - ies  
 3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies, May stal - wart  
 4. Rul - er Supreme, Who hear - est hum - ble prayer, Hold our do -

*dim.*

*mp*

love in all thy sons com-mand. With glow - ing hearts we  
 spread and lord - ly riv - ers flow; How dear to us thy  
 sons and gen - tle maid - ens rise; To keep thee stead-fast  
 min - ion in Thy lov - ing care. Help us to find, O

*m. cres.*

see thee rise, The True North, strong and free; And stand on guard, O  
 broad do-main, From East to West-ern sea, Thou land of hope for  
 thro' the years From East to West-ern sea, Our Fath - er - land, our  
 God, in Thee, A last - ing, rich re - ward, As wait - ing for the

*f cres.* . . . . . *mf* CHORDS.

Can - a - da, We stand on guard for thee.  
 all who toil, Thou True North strong and free! O Can - a -  
 Moth-er-land! Our True North strong and free.  
 Bet-ter Day We ev - er stand on guard.

*cres.* . . . .

da! glo - rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on

*f*

guard for thee. O Can - a - da, we stand on

*1st, 2nd and 3rd times.* *last time.*

guard for thee, guard for thee.

THOS. MOORE

# THE MINSTREL BOY

Arr. by BALFE

*Boldly*

1. The Min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the  
2. The Min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not

ranks of death. . . you'll find him; His  
bring his proud. . . soul un - der; The

father's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -  
harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Though  
sun - der; And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy  
soul of love and brav - e - ry! Thy songs were made for the

rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"  
brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry!"

### PULL AWAY

Anon.

Arranged from the opera of  
"William Tell," by ROSSINI

*Animato* **f** *cres.*

1. Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a -  
2. Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a -

way, pull a - way, our hearts are gay; Pull a -  
 way, pull a - way, now bend the oar; Pull a -

way, pull a - way thro' the dash - ing spray, On this  
 way, pull a - way, let us heed no more The . .

**FINE**

glo - ri - ous sum-mer day. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while with  
 mu - sic from the shore. Pull a - way, pull a - way, while our

joy we're sing - ing, And our hearts beat high with glee; Pull a -  
 pulse is danc - ing, And our hearts are light and free; Pull a -



way, pull a - way, while our songs are ring - ing Gai - ly o'er the  
 way, pull a - way, thro' the wa - ters glanc - ing Swift - ly o'er the

*mf* *cres.*  
 sound - ing sea. O'er the sea, o'er the sea re - sound - ing, re -  
 the sound - ing

*f* *mf*  
 sound - ing, re - sound - ing, o'er the sea, o'er the sea re -  
 sea, the sea re - sound - ing,

*cres.* *f* *p* *D.S.*  
 sound - ing, re - sound - ing, re - sound - ing, Pull a -  
 the sound - ing sea, the sound - ing sea,

# THE BUGLE HORN

*mf*

1. A - cross the lake, Through bush and brake, Re - sounds, re -  
 2. The sky is clear, The flowers ap - pear On ev - 'ry, on  
 3. The ech - oes flow As on we go, Through for - est, through

*dim.*

sounds the bu - gle horn; O'er hill and vale The ech - oes  
 ev - 'ry side so gay, The brook flows by So mer - ri -  
 for - est, vale and lawn, And far and near A - gain we

*cres.* *f*

sail, And through the wav - ing corn. The bu - gle  
 ly, A - long its peb - bly way. The bu - gle  
 hear The wind - ing bu - gle horn. The bu - gle

*p* *cres.* *f*

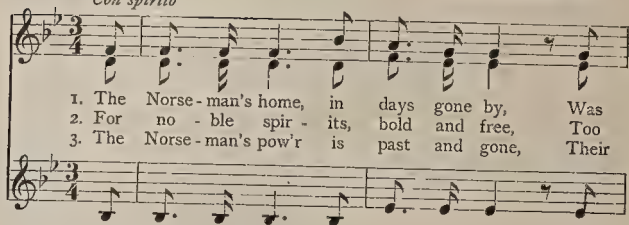
horn, The bu - gle horn, The wind - ing bu - gle horn.

# THE NORSEMAN

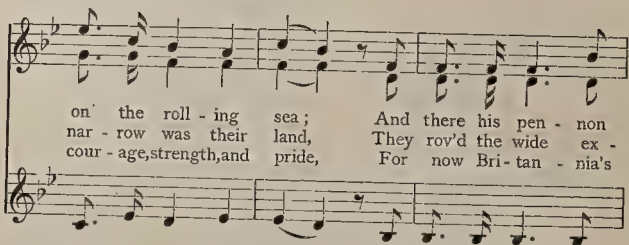
W. WEST

*Con spirito*

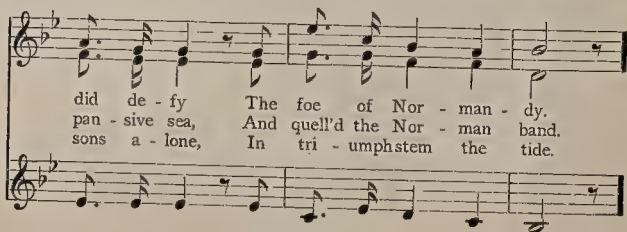
Norse National Air



1. The Norse-man's home, in days gone by, Was  
 2. For no - ble spir - its, bold and free, Too  
 3. The Norse-man's pow'r is past and gone, Their



on' the roll - ing sea; And there his pen - non  
 nar - row was their land, They rov'd the wide ex -  
 cour - age, strength, and pride, For now Bri - tan - nia's



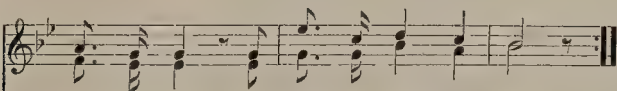
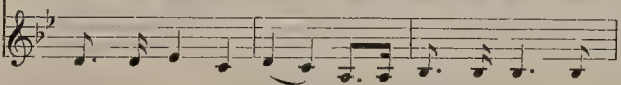
did de - fy The foe of Nor - man - dy.  
 pan - sive sea, And quell'd the Nor - man band.  
 sons a - lone, In tri - umphstem the tide.



Then, let us ne'er for - get the race, Who  
Then, let us all in har - mo - ny Give  
Then, may King Ed - ward rule the land, Our



brave - ly fought and died ; Who nev - er filled a  
hon - our to the brave, The no - ble, har - dy,  
laws and rights de - fend, One cheer then give, with

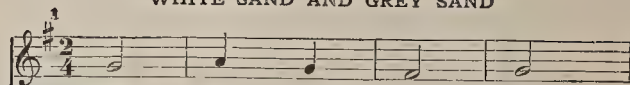
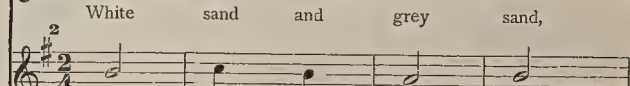
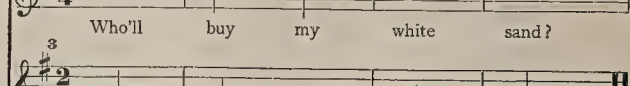


cra - ven's grave, But ruled the foam - ing tide.  
north - ern men, Who ruled the storm - y wave.  
heart and hand— The King! His peo - ple's friend.




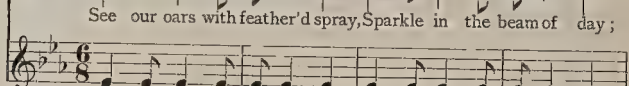

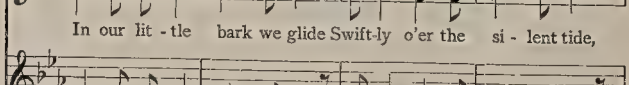
*A Round*

**WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND**

1  
  
 White sand and grey sand,  
 2  
  
 Who'll buy my white sand?  
 3  
  
 Who'll buy my grey sand?

**SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHERED SPRAY**

Sir JOHN STEVENSON

*Andante*  
  
 See our oars with feather'd spray, Sparkle in the beam of day;  
  
 In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,  
  


In our lit - tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,

Swift - ly o'er the si - lent tide. From yonder lone and rock-y shore, the

War-rior Her-mit to re-store, the War-rior Her-mit to re - store, And

sweet the morning breez-es blow, While thus in measur'd time we row, we



row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we row, we

row, in measur'd time we row, we row, we row, we row.

# A CRADLE SONG

WM. BLAKE.

Sleep, . . sleep, . . beau - ty bright,

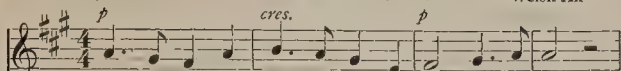
Dream - ing in the joys of night; Sleep, sleep,

in thy sleep Lit - tle sor - rows sit and weep.

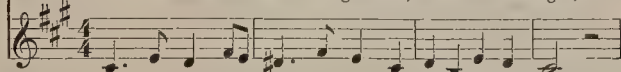
# ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

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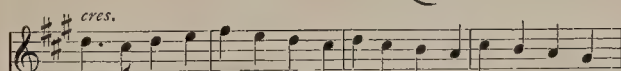
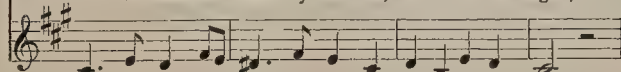
Welsh Air



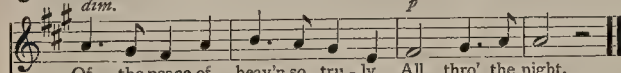
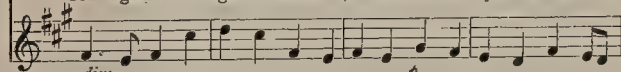
1. Sil - ver stars their light be - stow - ing, All thro' the night,  
2. Like a smile does each star glis - ter, All thro' the night,



They the path to heav'n areshow-ing, All thro' the night;  
To il - lume her earth - ly sis - ter, All thro' the night;



As they tread their path of du - ty, Show they to the world the beauty,  
Old age has its night of sick-ness, But to beau - ti - fy our weakness,



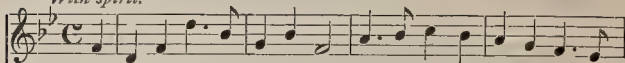
Of the peace of heav'n so tru - ly, All thro' the night.  
Shed your light a - broad in meek-ness, All thro' the night.



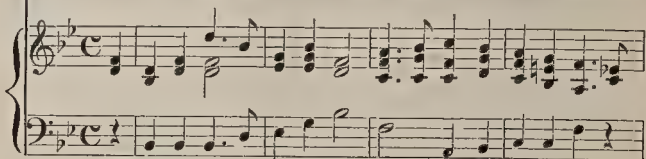
# THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

ALEX. MUIR.

*With spirit.*



1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came, And
2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side, For
3. On merry England's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile; God

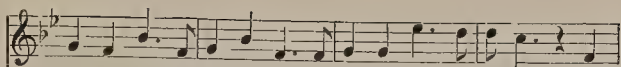


*Sva ad lib.*

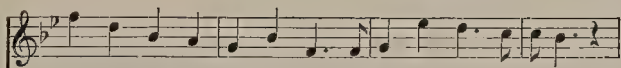
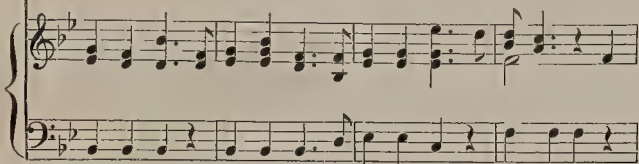


planted firm Britannia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do - main. Here  
freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and nobly died; And  
bless old Scotland evermore, And Ireland's Em - er - ald Isle! Then





may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-gether,      The  
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them never! Our  
swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and forests quiv-er,      God



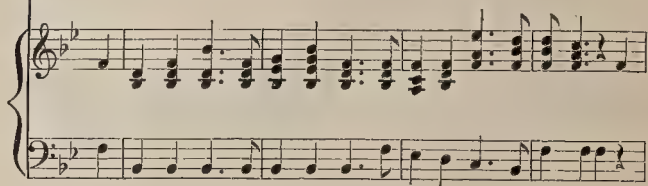
Li - ly, This - tle, Shamrock, Rose, and Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!  
watch-word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!  
save our King, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!



CHORUS



The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er! God



save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!



# THE DOMINION HYMN

DUKE OF ARGYLE.

Sir A. SULLIVAN.

*Allegro marziale.*

*f*

1. God bless our wide Do-min - ion, Our fa - thers' chosen land, And  
 2. Fair days of for - tune send her, Be thou her shield and sun! Our  
 3. No stranger's foot, in - sult - ing, Shall tread our country's soil While  
 4. Our sires, when times were sorest, Asked none but aid divine, And

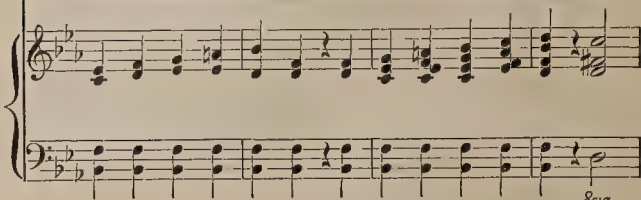
*8va.*

bind in - last - ing un - ion Each o - cean's dis - tant strand, From  
 land, our flag's de - fend - er, U - nite our hearts as one! One  
 stand her sons ex - ult - ing For her to live and toil. She  
 cleared the tangled for - est, And wrought the buried mine. They

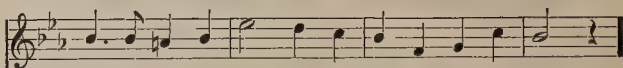




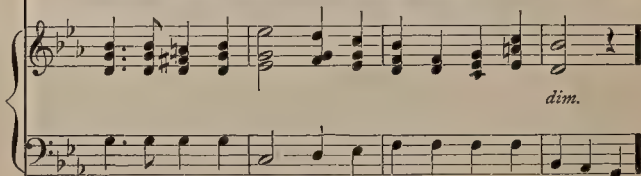
where At-lan-tic ter-rors Our har-dy sea-men train, To  
flag, one land, up-on her May ev-'ry bless-ing rest! For  
hath the vic-tor's nur-ture, Hers are the conquering hours, No  
tracked the floods and fountains, And won, with mas-ter hand, Far



*8va.*



where the salt sea mir-rors The vast Pa-cif-ic chain.  
loy-al faith and hon-our Her chil-dren's deeds at-test.  
foe-man's stroke shall hurt her, "This Can-a-da of ours."  
more than gold in mountains, The glo-rious Prai-rie land.



*dim.*

*8va.*

CHORUS

Oh, bless our wide Do-min-ion, Loud shall our an-them ring; De -

fend our peo-ple's un-ion, God save our Em-pire's King.

5 O Giver of earth's treasure;  
Make Thou our nation strong,  
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure  
On all who work our wrong!

To our remotest border  
Let plenty still increase,  
Let liberty and order  
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

6 May Canada's fair daughters  
Keep house for hearts as bold  
As theirs who o'er the waters  
Came hither first of old.

The pioneers of nations!  
They showed the world the way,  
'Tis ours to keep their stations  
And lead the van to-day.

7 Inheritors of glory,  
O countrymen! We swear  
To guard the flag that o'er ye  
Shall onward victory bear;  
Where'er through earth's far regions  
Its triple crosses fly,  
For God, for home, our legions  
Shall win, or fighting die!

N.B. Verses number 1, 4 and 7 are recommended for general use.

# RULE, BRITANNIA!

THOMSON.  
*Majestically.*

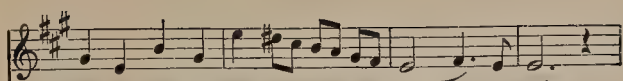
Dr. ARNE.

1. When Bri - tain first . . at Heav'n's com-mand A -  
 2. The na - tions not . . so blest as thee Must  
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More  
 4. The mu - ses, still . . with free - dom found, Shall

The first system of the musical score for 'Rule, Britannia!'. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

rose . . . . . from out the az - - ure main, A -  
 in . . . . . their turn to ty - rants fall, Must  
 dread - - - ful from each for - eign stroke, More  
 to . . . . . thy hap - py coast . . re - pair; Shall

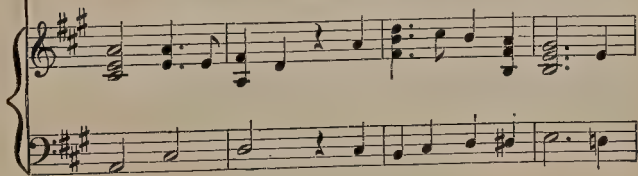
The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.



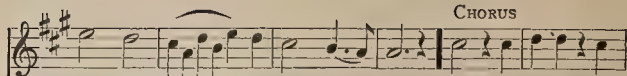
rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main;  
in, must in, must in their turn to ty - rants fall;  
dread, more dread, more dreadful from each for - eign stroke.  
to, shall to, shall to thy hap - py coast re - pair;



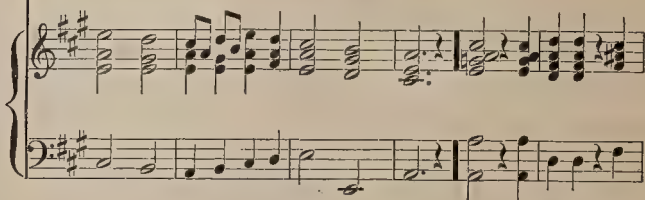
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And  
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The  
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies, Serves  
Blest Isle! with beau - ty, with match - less beau - ty crowned, And



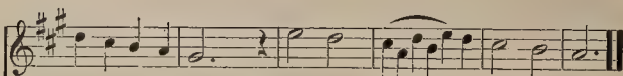
CHORUS



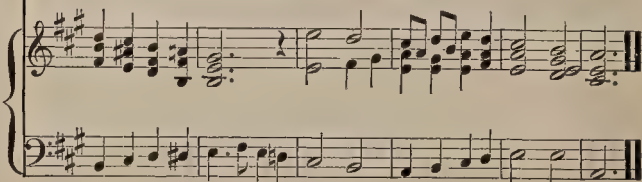
guar - dian an - gels sang this strain: Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri -  
dread and en - vy of them all.  
but to root thy na - tive oak.  
man - ly hearts to guard the fair.



*Sva ad lib.*



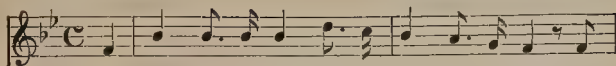
tan-nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves.



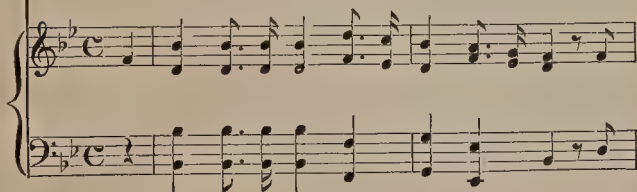
## HEARTS OF OAK

DAVID GARRICK.

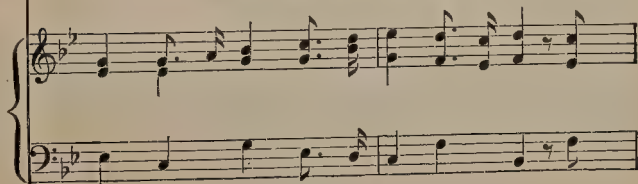
Dr. BOYCE, A. D., 1759.



1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To  
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They



add some-thing new to this won - der - ful year; To  
nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they





hon - our - we call you, as free - men not slaves, For  
 run, why we fol - low, and run them a-shore, And

who are so free as the sons of the waves? Hearts of  
 if they won't fight us, we can - not do more. Hearts of

oak are our ships, jol - ly tars are our men, We al - ways are ready,

stead-y, boys, stead-y, We'll fight and we'll conquer a-gain and a-gain.

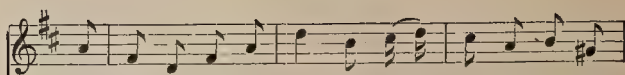
The musical score consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

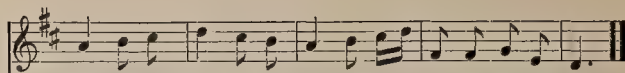
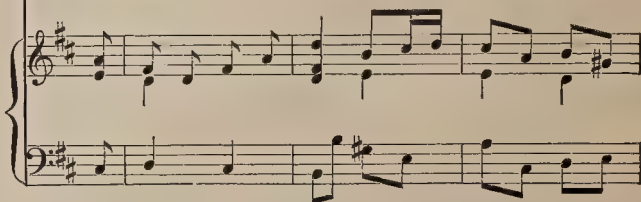
Scotch song.

1. Oh where and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone?  
 2. Oh where and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell?  
 3. But what, and oh what if your High-land lad should die?

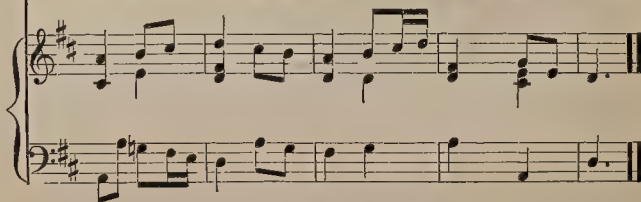
The musical score is for a Scottish song in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.



He's gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are  
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue  
The bag-pipes should play o'er him and I'd sit me down and



done, And it's oh! in my heart that I wish him safe at home.  
Bell, And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.  
cry, But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.



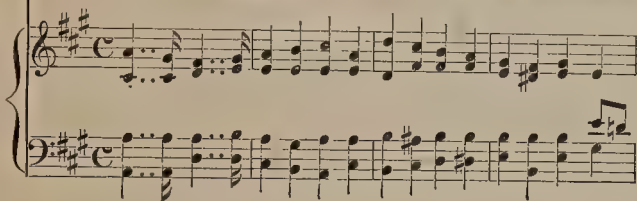
## MEN OF HARLECH

Translation by WM. DUTHIE,

Welsh Air, A. D., 1468.



1. Men of Har-lech ! in the hol-low, Do ye hear like rushing billow,  
2. Rock-y steeps and passes narrow Flash with spear and flight of arrow.



- Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?  
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now!



'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foemen, Sax-on spearmen, Saxon bowmen,  
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver! Let the earth dead foemen cover!

Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!  
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trembles on a blow.

Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The  
Strands of life are riv-en, Blow for blow is giv-en In

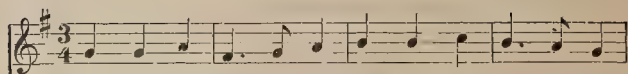
pla - cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thun-der.  
dead - ly lock or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en!

On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us, He is brav-est, he who leads us!  
Men of Har-lech! young or hoary, Would you win a name in sto-ry?

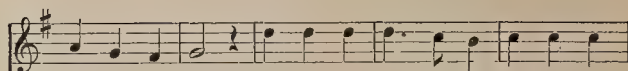
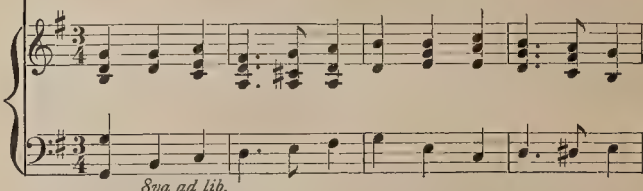
Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and right!  
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Cam-bria, God, and right!



# THE NATIONAL ANTHEM



1. God save our gracious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,



God save the King; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and  
Long may he reign; May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er



glo - rious, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.  
give us cause To sing with heart and voice God save the King.

3. Our loved Dominion bless  
With peace and happiness,  
From shore to shore;  
And let our Empire be  
United, loyal, free,  
True to herself and thee,  
Forever more.

# Alouette, Gentille Alouette

- I -

*Moderato* *Solo*

A - lou - et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou -

*Chœur*

et - te je t'y pleu-me - rai. A - lou - et - te, gentille A - lou -

*Solo*

et - te, A - lou - et - te je t'y pleu-me - rai. 1 Je t'y pleumerai la

*Chœur*

tête, Je t'y pleu-me - rai la tête. Je t'y pleumerai la

*Solo* *Chœur*

tête, Je t'y pleumerai la tête. Et la tête, Et la

*Solo* *Chœur* *Solo*

tête, A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, Ah! A - lou -

et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou -

*Le chœur répète:*  
Alouette, etc.

et - te je t'y pleu-me - rai.

2. Je t'y pleumerai les yeux (bis). Et les yeux (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
3. Je t'y pleumerai le bec (bis). Et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
4. Je t'y pleumerai le cou (bis). Et le cou, (bis) et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
5. Je t'y pleumerai les ailes (bis). Et les ailes, (bis) et le cou, (bis) et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
6. Je t'y pleumerai les pattes (bis). Et les pattes, (bis) et les ailes, (bis) et le cou, (bis) et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
7. Je t'y pleumerai le dos (bis). Et le dos, (bis) et les pattes, (bis) et les ailes, (bis) et le cou, (bis) et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!
8. Je t'y pleumerai la queue (bis). Et la queue, (bis) et le dos, (bis) et les pattes, (bis) et les ailes, (bis) et le cou, (bis) et le bec, (bis) et les yeux, (bis) et la tête, (bis) alouette, (bis) Ah!

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